

A  
L E T T E R  
F R O M  
P A R S  
T O A  
C A P T A I N  
I n S U F F O L K.

T O W H I C H I S A N N E X E D

A S P E C I M E N O F T H E C A P T A I N ' S  
V E R A C I T Y , R E L I G I O U S P R I N C I P L E S ,  
P A R T Y , &c.

T O W H I C H I S A N N E X E D ,

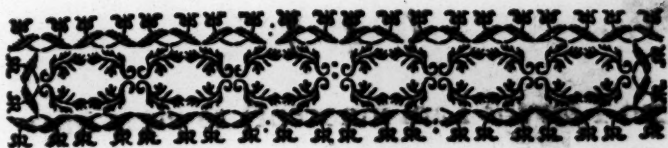
A S P E C I M E N O F T H E C A P T A I N ' S  
P O E T R Y .

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L O N D O N :

P r i n t e d i n t h e Y e a r M D C C . L V I .





A  
L E T T E R  
FROM A  
P A R S O N  
TO A  
C A P T A I N  
In S U F F O L K, &c.

S I R,

I HAVE heard as how you have  
printed a letter addressed to a Par-  
son in Suffolk, and as how most people  
are so uncharitable to believe the half  
guinea Story a true one: and therefore,  
Noble Captain, you must give me leave

(tho I *purtest* I am innocent) to clear myself, but firs *informus* I must take notice that you should not *putend* to print english before you can write it: how are your Stops all huddled together like the confusions in your distemperd pericranium, do you think as how your excuse that you was bred to Arms and not letters will *requit* you, or as how the Monthly Reviewers will *remit* that poor *ovation* for you to commence Authors, and your impudence to Advertise it, did you think any body would buy such Stuff. No: you did right to hawk them yourself, and litter them about the roads,

As to your Saying as how I am a flatterer, a Toad-eater, &c. you are much mistaken, for I never eat a toad in my life, nor would I to flatter any man in england, but I'll make a toad in a hole of  
you,



you, before I have done with you, *for I tell you plainly I'll never forsake you, and I'll advise you when you go to Ipswich or Woodbridge to take a file of men with you, lest you get heartily drub'd, or come short home* : don't say you have not had fair warning, this being the third time I have given you notice of the danger you are in, I have also heard by the by, as how you should say I stole the Song called the Complaint from the *Upera* of fair Rosomond. and this I can prove to be an invention of your own *nodpiece*, for in fair Rosomond you read

Curse on the name, I faint I die  
With secret pangs of jealousy.

whereas in my song you read.

Curse

Curse on *her* name, I faint I die  
 With secret pangs of Jealousy.

Does not this acquit me, and I could go through the whole *Upera* with you and shew you that you are as wide of the Mark as I could wish so sinistrous an *Adversity*. Don't you know the fable of a school-boy that would not be *learnt* great, A, for fear of being *learnt* the rest of the Alphabet, but I'll *learn* you before I have done with you, to read, to spell, and even to Rhyme, or reason; do you, whom nature never intended shou'd know more *then* which was the smooth side of a *Mahogomey* Table, pretend to attack a Man of Learning, a studious man, a scholar, who has been many years preparing \* Amusement and information for

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\* Shortly will be published the Roman  
 History

for all the Learned world, do you, I say, pretend to *animalvert* on my productions either in prose or verse, notwithstanding your printing some loose, incorrect ballads that I wrote for the amusement of my family and children; a mighty crack, indeed, to print Ben in the Briers; why he was my butcher, and made me pay three-pence halfpenny a pound for Mutton, that I knew he sold of the same Sheep to the Poor for three-pence, but why should I think it hard to have my works pirated, Swift was so served, and his loose pieces printed by such *plaigeristical* thieves as you, and others. How can the world

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History in eleven volumes octavo, the nine last volumes will be filled *foli* with Antient *quine*, wholly unknown to any Moderns but Father Mose and myself who found them,—price bound 3s. 6d. in Calf.

world expect any great or indeed correct writings from the greatest pens, if such hornets as you are permitted to buz about their ears all the time, nay, rake and pry into the most private *crannies* and *mitches* for scandal, what even a man does in the night, nay even the dark, and only the parties present, you pretend to bring to light; but Sir I have hear'd the late Master of the R—s say, that he found in an old Law-book (indeed it was wrote before the Reformation) that Proofs were to be brought against Persons, according to their profession, station, or fortune, and that it was necessary (to convict a Cardinal of Adultery) to produce thirty-six eye Witnesses, twenty-four Witnesses to the next order of the Clergy, and so on to the Curate, and to convict him seven witnesses were required, now I never heard this Law was *Appealed*, and are not you a wicked slanderer



slanderer and liar to hint at what you can't prove. However I freely own I believe my N——e had a bastard or two, but then its well known she was laid in bed in Yorkshire, and is it likely that a woman laid in Bed in Yorkshire should be Jockeyd in Suffolk.

There are some nations in the world,  
'tis said,

Where fathers daughters, sons their  
mothers wed,

And their Affections still does higher  
rise,

More firm and constant by *these double*  
ties.

So you need not have gone to the brutes for examples, but they are the properest creatures for such a one as you to copy from; but enough of this  
B damn'd

damn'd story already, and now I shall handle you, and your Capital half guinea charge as briefly as the circumstances *remit*s. You know I told your friend Mr. R——e, that I cou'd not positively say you had the half guinea, no: I told him, and I say it again, that I had it in my hand, and when (*do you see me*) you took the rest of the money, it might, for ought I can say, drop in the snow, and you know its own *ponderosity* would cause it to *Exmerge* in that soft body and instantly disappear till the snow had melted; now you may remember it was a very hard frost, and it appears by some late *Chimecal* experiments of a learn'd and ingenious Physician, that intence cold will operate on *Mettalic* bodies, in the same Manner as does intence heat, and my Son some days afterwards says he found a brass button at the door, Quere, Whether

ther this was not in fact the melted  
 half guinea, and which it was mine in-  
 tention you should have had. However  
 I wou'd not have you or any other per-  
 son in whose hands this letter may fall,  
 to suppose that I mean to have the above  
 account to be understood but in part of  
 my aquital, because I have told several  
 people since, and am not asham'd to re-  
 peat it, that the same day I lent you  
 the four pound thirteen (the five pound  
 three and six-pence I shou'd say) the  
 same day I say as how I went into Mr  
 O——s Shop to change a guinea, and as  
 I staid chatting there some time, tis pos-  
 sible I say, I took the silver only and left  
 the half guinea on the Counter; now here  
 stands two ways by which I may by  
 (*discerning men*) be acquitted, first by the  
 half guinea melting in the snow, se-  
 condly by my leaving it at Mr. O——s  
 shop (a thing I am very apt to do) but  
 lastly

lastly and Essentially I have the strongest arguments, and circumstances, to manifest it to be the invention of your own *nodpiece*, which we know is very fruitful that way, and that you *quoin'd* it from first to last.

Tis true, indeed, the Serjeant must know if he sees your letter to me, whether the greatest part of this half guinea Story be true or false, and so must your friend at Harwich. and therefore you have industriously avoided even the initials of their names, tho' you was ready enough to put mine to give sanction to Ben in the Briars; what, do you think I am to treat all your Serjeants round to find out which it was, however I *guess'd* which it was and ask'd him to drink a mug of my ale with me, though I *purtest* I have not spoke to him above once or twice these twelve months past, and after  
telling



telling him *the regard I had for his father's Character who was a Clergyman, and making some kind enquiries after his Sister, &c.* I then ask'd him what he knew as to the half guinea story and if he had seen your letter, he said he had, and that he *must own* (out of fear of your Tyranny I suppose,) that the matter was just as it is set forth in your printed letter, — he *must own*, it does not sure want much discernment to see why he *must own*, i. e. he *must*, or *durst* more properly say no otherwise. *Must* is a word us'd by military Tyrants, they are made up of *Mufts*, and *dursts*, and will, and shall, but He have my turn now, and you shall hear me out. And therefore suppose I did chouse you of this half guinea. The ancients did not look upon such things to be bad, or punishable, much more to do as you do, despise me; and expect every one else to do so too. Lycurgus considered

sidered in theft the vivacity, diligence,  
 boldness, and dexterity of purloining any  
 thing from our neighbours, and the uti-  
 lity that redounded to the public, that  
 every one might look more narrowly  
 to the conservation of what was his own,  
 and believed that from this double insti-  
 tution of assaulting, and defending, ad-  
 vantage was to be made for military disci-  
 pline (which was the principal science  
 and virtue to which he would inure that  
 nation) of greater consideration than the  
 discord and injustice of taking another  
 mans goods,—now has not the French  
 King followed Lycurgus's example for  
 some time past, and are not we therefore  
 under a kind of necessity of exercising  
 the same religious (excuse the expression)  
 fraud. But of this enough, as I think  
 my justification is unanswerable, and as to  
 my sending you a hare, why; (do you  
 see me) it was out of gratitude and to  
 make

make a return for half a dozen of Madeira I beg'd of you when I had the gout in my stomach, and which I believed saved my life; tis true you may say I might have paid you in *kine*, out of the seven dozen you bought me in London, but I did not know how soon the gout might return, and I well knew how hard it was to come at such good Wine again; but this is *enter nous*.

As to my performing service in a night gown, without breeches, I defy you to prove it. Besides Ile be judged by the gunner's daughter, she always sat directly underneath the desk, and never omitted church when I preached or read prayers, and Ile be judged by her whether this is not a false, scandalous and infamous story of your own *nodpiece*, calculated to fill the desk-pew with spectackles, to the annoyance of piety, true religion and virtue.

*Intur dum*



*Intur dum tunica duxit opera moram,*  
 but I won't send you to your Brother for  
 the translation.

A shitten shirt may often spoil the sight,  
 And always puts an end to the delight.

I can't conclude without observing, that  
 a man bred up amongst chips and saw-  
 dust, and conversant only with the *refuge*  
 and scum of the earth, and who is sent  
 to guard our coasts in time of *eminent*  
 danger, who white-washes his chimneys  
 (as a mark to the enemy no doubt) and  
 who can find no better entertainment than  
 trying real people under false names in  
 effigy, hanging them afterwards, and  
 making funeral orations, and distributing  
 the *Ordinary's* account of their life, birth,  
 parentage, &c. &c. is a disgrace to human  
 nature, even though he be of the profes-  
 sion of a foldier, what can we expect  
 from such a Man, I say, but that he must  
 be a Traytor to his king and country, and  
 that



that the \* *white rag* will be hung out, if occasion should offer, to correspond with his cottage chimney at C—d—m Hall, a man without religion or virtue, tho'

He's devout sure and pious  
For Pope wrote his Prayer, and St.  
John his creed.

And now Noble Captain as I have answered and overthrown all your charges to the satisfaction of discerning men, and women too, I shall expect you also quit yourself of white-washing your chimneys at C—m-Hall, of marrying a woman of Quality and a P—h, of drying cloaths in the king's Chapel, of moving the Communion-table into your own House, of harrassing the country  
C with

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\* The French Ensign is an old sheet or table cloth, and sometimes a shitten clout.

with press-gangs, of turning virtuous women out of the fort, of opening and secreting my letters, of getting a sensible and ingenious man removed to another garrison, because he would not bow to Baal, of reading Pope's works at church while I preached, and of holding a correspondence with the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, till then, I tell you again Il'e never forsake you, but if you will restore me to my former martial rank, call in your scurrilious and abusive letters, declare publicly all you have there, and elsewhere said is false and malicious, and that you did it to disturb the peace, and injure an old, an honest, and a virtuous man, who never tasted of the bitter cup of *Calomel* till he knew you, why then Il'e write a panegyric *in your praise* in verse, print it at my own expence, and acknowledge you are a warm but christi-  
an

an-like man, and who knows but you and I may live to drink the same grand toast I so often pledged justice C——'s in, many a sheepish parson have we made quit the room when we wanted our own talk. The old huncks T—y, how often have we made him walk off without his quantum, this it is not knowing the world, no man is ashamed to say he is going into the *country*, and I see no harm in leaving out the two last letters and putting cucumber in their place, if it conveys our Ideas to a particular place, but of this enough, and too much indeed have I condescended to make any reply to yours, as its basis is too weak for it to stand scarce the reading, much more its living to my discredit, and so Noble Captain, rests

*Your humble Servant,*

W——n, May  
10, 1756.

A P A R S O N.

P O S T-

## P O S T S C R I P T.

I forgot to ask you what you mean by spreading a Story about, that as how my cousin arrested an honest man (by which he was ruined) and as how it was by my advice, that I might get his farm in my hands; I own the man is ruined, and so will my Cousin, if the good sloop John and Mary should be taken by your Friends, the French, and though I did deny being paid tythe for the turneps and the receipt was brought against me, yet sure a man's forgetting such a trifle as six pound fifteen shillings, is not to be construed to his disadvantage by any but such *bold faces* as you, and I suppose you'll say when my cousin leaves me and goes to his new Curacy that it is because the half guinea melted in the snow.

S E A S O N -





SEASONABLE  
A D V I C E  
T O A  
CERTAIN P O E T,  
Who whispers SCANDAL.

D E A R Doctor come not quite so near,  
Let pity interpose ;  
Remember when you're at my ear  
You're very near my nose.  
Besides in all the things you say  
Nothing but falshood's found ;  
Thy tattling Whispers do convey  
As little Sense as Sound.

Tis

'Tis odd that you, whose plodding Pate  
 Is solely bent on Profit,  
 Shou'd be so lavish of your Prate,  
 And yet make nothing of it.  
 Then since thy Tongue no Joy to me,  
 Nor Pence to thee affords,  
 Oh spare thy Breath, and learn to be  
 A Miser of thy Words.

18 JA 53

F I N I S.

